The Canary
#8
Sound the Alarm

“The pen is mightier than the sword.”

I recall a class years ago in which we read a poem with this line, or words in a similar arrangement, by Amiri Baraka. Surely, many writers and artists echo similar sentiments, the same precise words.

A week or two after the last release of The Canary, I was at work and a customer expressed some most kind words in regards to our little, yet far from feeble, publication. He read earlier issues and found himself nearly in tears over the power and the heart of expression. His eyes earnest, his mind open, he’d been influenced, impacted, touched by this small, minimally circulated packet of paper. My heart pounded with joy, relief and excitement the rest of the evening. The birth of each subsequent issue, the evolution of the content, put forth by you, each set of eyes, each mind influenced, reached, touched by this endeavor, dazzles and inspires.

And we find ourselves on this page again, a month later, renewed energy and the constant coursing of belief and commitment to a single notion – the instance of communication, the gathering of heartbeats, each shake hands, greet one another with affinity, with understanding, with common ground. The strings that run from you to me to everyone, with the slightest breeze, the entire network is pulled, swayed into a different direction. The overwhelming nature of such strength and power in the smallest of modes provides a sense of faith that evaded me for two decades.

A big thank you to Colin for putting this issue together, allowing me to relax, forcing me to let go, to trust, to work as a team. Through many of life’s recent uproars, I’ve found myself in resistance alone, in my room, working on things, putting things together, utterly, terribly alone. Things like this shouldn’t be like that. A positive need for community has plagued me recently and, within that will, a community has risen, has been risen for years now, but I guess I’ve allowed myself an entrance, a nook, a place.

Thank you, Colin, for granting me that. And for all you earnest Canaries, for all you show promoters and attendees, for all of you who show up to family dinner, for all of those that sit at work with me until I’m done at 2:30 am, for all you who post on messages boards, for all you who are passive in action, but not in spirit, for all you who are not too scared to initiate human connection, who are brave enough to overthrow misconceptions and assumptions to spur something real, something tangible, ah, all of you, together, are a beautiful force, thank you, thank you, thank you.

I admit, this is an emotional rambling induced greatly by the ebb and flow of my menstrual cycle, nonetheless, I mean each word. So, enjoy this issue, allow yourself to be affected.

Yours most sincerely,

Jules

“So when do lives and repercussions stop being just abstractions?”

Nate Powell

Habitual Top 10

The Hobbit Hole Library – coming to an Oswego near you!

Buffy the Vampire Slayer Seasons 1 & 2 online.
Buffy the Vampire Slayer Season 8 via comic books
Tiny Giants – Nate Powell
Shannon Hood, bassist of Goodnight Neverland and HoboWars extraordinaire for being a ray of community sunshine all the time
Vessel @ Bike Safety Benefit Show in Boston, 2/21
Shhhh, shhhh, shhhh, shhhh, shhhh
The Gallogly Clan
Fast Car – Tracy Chapman
Ma & Pop's Diner on Utica and E. 2nd

Dear Fellow Canary-ites,

It's a Wednesday afternoon, and the thermometer reads 64 degrees, farenheit. I just recently hopped back on the coffee train, after over a year of abstaining, so as I type this introduction, my mind is racing and all I can think of is that the weather is beautiful, while I sit in front of a computer screen. On that note, I'll keep this brief so you, faithful reader, can get on to the content we have for you this time around.

Upon first glance at the first sentence in Julie's introduction, "The pen is mightier…", my eyes deceive me and the word "penis" pops out. Joking aside, since Saturday night live already covered that base years ago, I realize that this issue's contributions have come exclusively from male sources, with the obvious exception of Julie's work contained herein. Obviously, it's a coincidence, a fluke, but one can't help but think of the bigger picture. The Canary, a tiny part of this scene/community/underground, call it what you will, is merely a microcosm of society. The fact that all of our content this issue was written by males is troubling to me; I see this reflected in nearly everything around me. While I am not the most knowledgeable and certainly not the most outspoken when it comes to gender issues/politics, for some time I have been aware of my position of privilege, being a middle class white male. First exposed to this through the punk rock scene (a veritable boys club if there ever was one), and reinforced by my limited involvement with the larger activist/radical communities, it has been on my mind in one way or another for years. To tackle this in a brief introduction, while my caffeine addled brain jumps around from subject to subject is definitely not a responsible thing to do, but it needed mentioning. Just some food for thought, I suppose. Also worth mentioning is that we at The Canary are open to submissions from folks of ALL walks of life, gender identities, races, sexual preferences, backgrounds and so on, if you hadn't realized. Duh!

So, friends, if there is anything you take away from this disjointed, ineloquent rambling, please take the time to consider your position of relative privilege; how it effects those around you and your interactions with them, the little ways in which it influences how you carry about in your day to day life, as well as the bigger implications beyond the day to day. If there's room for you to take anything else away from this, then on a secondary note: go outside. Wander, explore, interact with your world and those in it, whether or not you or they know

you are in each other's world. I'm about to do just the same- it's fucking gorgeous outside.

Until next time…be well,

Colin

What sort of Canary would this be without a top ten? Top Ten:

Propagandhi, Paint it Black, Witchunt@ Trocadero in Philly. Review forthcoming (next issue maybe).

"There is No Authority But Yourself" documentary about Crass, the band/collective.

Chocolate/Cayenne Pepper Milkshake. I don't even like chocolate, but this is just brilliant.

Auryn/Bosque – Split 7"

Coffee beans, and the drink you make with them.

For Whom the Bell Tolls, by Ernest Hemmingway.

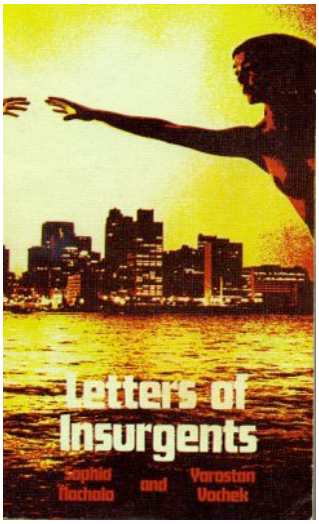
Assuck "Blindspot" 7". An oldie but a goodie!

Born Against. Everything they ever did. Even the later stuff I'm not that in to…

The new Mayflower Lp. Who knows when it will come out. Great stuff, great people.

Another Breath "God Complex" lp. Who knows when this will come out, either.

Early pick for album of the year. If I had the means I'd put it out myself…



Letters of Insurgents. By Sophia Nachalo and Yarostan Vochek (Fredy Perlman). Published by **Black and Red** in Detroit, 1976.

Drawing a Line Between Love and (anti-)Politics

"the only meaningful human activity is to destroy capitalism in all its manifestations, in every way possible."

- Sophia Nachalo

For sometime now, I've found myself enveloped in the 831 pages of *Letters of Insurgents* by Sophia Nachalo and Yarostan Vochek. It is a book of postal letters and correspondence by two former lovers who now live continents away; imagine the East meets West - Old World meets New World. Sophia and Yarostan are actually the pseudonym of one person - Fredy Perlman, who brilliantly weaves together the vast moments and situations of their respective lives, including that of their family, friends, and enemies. It is a remembrance of their past, a dialogue of their success and failure, and a sharing of the

unknown present experience. To be completely honest, *Letters of Insurgents* (from here on in referred to as *Letters*) is by far one of the greatest books I've ever had the chance to read; it is up there with *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and *Finnegan's Wake* for me. I only hope I can describe a little bit of the magic it brings to me for you in yet another "brief, yet triumphant review." One thing for sure, I will be reading more Fredy Perlman in the future.

Letters is an enormous book, which took me many quiet, long, cold and snowy winter nights and days to read. Is that why winter is nice? It is so big in fact, I think to truly grasp everything in it, I'm going to have to give it another read, sometime in the distant future. What kept me going and constantly putting off, perhaps more important matters in my life, was the feeling of connection the book gave me, including now wanting to try and share that something with my friends again, even if through a different medium. It is a beautiful story, at times heartbreaking and tragic, while at other times inspiring and full of awe. Published in 1976, the book has been around longer than me and I figured that as such, it would already have a glorious review - but, alas it is intimidating to think that this effort is perhaps, the first of its kind. The one commentary that I found very insightful is from *Having Little, Being Much: A Chronicle of Fredy Perlman's Fifty Years* by Lorraine Perlman (pages 91-92), of which a small excerpt follows below:

Fredy loved words, appreciated the diversity of languages, liked to mimic vocal patterns, to insert Serbian or French words into commonplace English expressions, to devise multi-lingual puns. His playful use of words appeared rarely in his writing, and then mainly in the choice of names for his characters.

Fredy was also awed by the power of words and knew his life had been deeply affected by thoughtful writers from his own and earlier eras. The shrinking arena for meaningful political activity in the early 1970s led Fredy to see himself less as an "activist" and more as a "rememberer." Fredy particularly wanted to "remember" the rebel, the individual who resisted the limitations imposed by his or her society. In *Letters of Insurgents*, his contribution to a history of the period in which he lived, he recorded various forms of rebellion; he was acquainted with many of them first-hand. He also recorded the dead ends, the co-optation and the thwarting of rebellious projects. The 830-page book, all words, was completed in 1976 and was a synthesis of most of Fredy's forty-two years; it follows fairly closely Fredy's physical and intellectual journeys, reporting

the upheavals which had affected him, his family and his comrades in the middle third of the twentieth century.

Much of Fredy's own biography was given to Sophia, one of the correspondents, whose life was punctuated by the peaks of enthusiasm and depths of disillusion as she repeatedly embraced a political/philosophic outlook and came to see its flaws. Sophia's first name denotes "wisdom," her last name is Nachalo, meaning "beginning," and despite her repeated disillusion with firmly-held tenets, she remains undaunted in her search for a new beginning.

By endowing certain characters in *Letters* with a fixed ideological perspective, Fredy evaluated many of his own and his comtemporaries' philosophical and political tenets. Triumphant victorious armies who imposed the "people's will" on a subjugated population had never beguiled Fredy, but advocates of this form of "revolution" - fans of Castro, Ho, Mao, Lenin, among others - had long practiced their persuasive techniques on Fredy. Already in the 1950s he had rejected the possibility of enlightened statesmen charting global policies in the interest of all humans, and his critique of the desirability of such a leader holding the reins of power grew more focused and forceful. The villain of *Letters* is a humble bureaucrat who, believing he knows what is in his friends' best interests, assists them; a harmful, if not tragic, outcome is the inevitable result of his aid. Fredy's Yugoslav experience had discredited socialist planning from above and he caricatured its advocates in his account of Eastern European career-seeking. The brief sojourn in a university soured Fredy irrevocably toward that institution and his scorn for the system's ignominious mind-police pervades Sophia's account of her American experience.

I think the above quote sums up some of the main ideas of the book in a very lovely manner, so I'll try and touch on some of my more interesting personal experiences having to do with the book that have made this review interesting.

Overhanging Night Stars at the Entrance of Home

It all started about a year or so ago, when I hand wrote and mailed a letter to Little Black Cart (LBC), a distributor of the book, with 20 cold hard dollars enclosed. Bad idea - because someone decided to open the letter before it arrived to the intended guests, and they made off with the $20. Later, I received a very nice postcard from LBC, informing me of this. So, I

waited for months until I had enough money to again order it - but, this time from *Black and Red*, the original publishers of the book. This time, I also hand wrote a note, but instead included a check for the payment. The letter and check arrived and all was well, but when the book was sent - it mysteriously disappeared down the memory hole of the postal system. All I received was some of the other Perlman writings I had ordered, along with a note from the post office telling me that perhaps, some the contents of the package are floating around somewhere in the system, so I should come talk to them. I laughed at the thought of speaking with the post office workers, telling them I'm looking for a book called *Letters of Insurgents* and wondered what they would think of that... Eventually, third time being a charm and all - and the fact that you should never give up, I was finally able to read a copy of the book, thanks to the kindness of *Black and Red* for resending another copy - that made it through! I share this story only because I feel it is an ironic experience to go through in reading a book, that details similar experiences of letters being intercepted.
Many of you may know, but just incase the secrets not out there - I used to live in La Habana, Cuba and still have some friends there I communicate with. However, I've found that being from the USA and all can make communication to Cuba a little difficult. We are friends living across border, nothing more, nothing less. In the early December of 2008 I sent a small book and letter to my friend in La Habana - we communicate through electronic mail frequently, and I was skeptical to send something through snail mail (the real post); the book and letter has yet to arrive two and a half months later to my friends in Cuba. From my understanding, it usually takes a month and a half to mail something to Cuba from the United States of America (USA). [updated] About three months later, it finally arrived, we never thought it would, but it did! Never lose hope, failure is the greatest success.

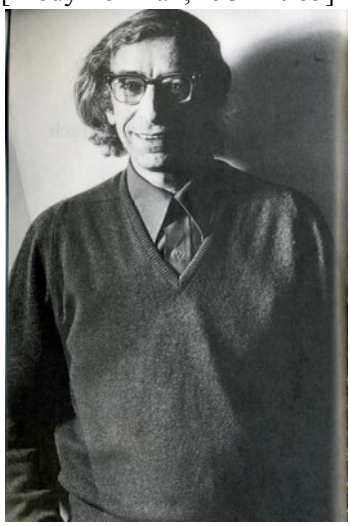
On another related note, it is only a small wonder about who really reads this "blog", and perhaps even as far as my electronic mail these days. Googles' "Blogger" is far from ideal. Sometimes, I also find it interesting to check where the hits (readers) of this blog have been coming from... What is up with the recent interest with readers from McLean, Virgina? Who really knows? I think we all experience different levels of this surveillance in our everyday lives, some much more than others. The pseudonym *Wild Turkey Desire* has been far from undercover since the very first day, and if anything it is mainly for laughs.

Likewise, in *Letters* one gets the feeling of the ever-so-possible anticipation

of constant tanks arriving, neighbors spying on each other, a letter intercepted, amongst the many others. An example of, this world we live in, is almost like the television many find themselves glued to; ever watching - numbing, and mind fucking (to name just a few). Another thing I've always wondered about, is if the overall quality (generally speaking) of hand-written letters has declined by many of todays writers who prefer e-mail? Throughout *Letters*, Sophia's and Yarostan's notes to each other demonstrate a quality and feel that made me wonder why my friends and I don't write like that.

Fredy and the Rest of the Book

[Fredy Perlman, 1934-1985]



What's a book? Is it a self-realization as a closed compartment, for example an "insurgent," a category that remains separate from all the other separate categories? -Sophia Nachalo

There are a lot of different interesting things I could talk about with this review, but for now, I'll only touch upon a brief few. If you would like to discuss parts of the book, please feel free to leave a comment, and I will try and respond, perhaps even others will respond. I also don't want to *spoil* the book for anyone who hasn't read it yet. One thing I do want to discuss though, is - not very often do I pick up a book and feel a connection, see something in the characters that I could never really understand before, see friends and situations change with the seasons, and learn things one never could inside of an institution. Sophia and Yarostan, once briefly partners in love and "revolution" become separated for twenty years. Yarostan spends a good deal of time in prision, while Sophia moves to the West. Their letters, spanning some time, is their first communication with each other since being separated twenty years ago.

They talk of unions, strikes, popular armies, militia, insurrection, councils, organization, collectives, class struggle, individuals, print shops, factories, suburban life vs. rural vs. city, success(what is it?), "making good" (what society is all about), and work to name a few. I even found a "self-styled

radicals" quote from Fredy in there. If you have some time on your hands, perhaps it is winter where you live, or perhaps it is so hot out that you'd rather not move, or maybe it is just right - anyhow, this is an excellent book no matter the conditions. Please feel free to also share your thoughts on it, I'm still digesting many of my thoughts.

History's instrument was a firing squad!
- Yarostan Vochek

Further reading and listening

Black and Red Books (publisher since 1968!, you can order it from them, Perlman's started it too! [Michigan])
Little Black Cart ("Against the Anthropomorphization of books", and you can also order it from them [Cali.forn.i.a.])
Audio Anarchy: Letters of Insurgents audiobook (all 31 hours of it!)
Fredy Perlman Reference Archive (some info and some works digitized)
Fredy Perlman (Infoshop Open Wiki)

"A new trial" by Jeremiah Howell

Beyond a reasonable doubt
Moves in the street
Justice on the porch
We have been convicted
By a jury of our peers
We were not present
Denied justice
Been held here for years and years
Words were twisted
The truth fabricated
Made of bits of imagination
The doors are now closed
Their minds are now closed
Justice by voice
Freedom
The strength of choice
Eyes open
Case open
Law books open
Minds open
No falsified confession
Only strength of conviction

Just words on paper:

I have been living on this planet for nearly a quarter of a century, that's close to twenty five human calendar years for those keeping score, and over the course of that time I have met many people who have touched my life, and inevitably I have also lost some people over the course of that time.

We all do; sometimes it's just an issue of drifting away, time and distance has a habit of being a clearing house of sorts, and this is inevitable. What's just as inevitable, for us all, is the haunting spectre of death looming over our shoulders and around all corners, lying in wait to take us and those we love away from us.

This past summer, I lost someone that I cared, and still care for, dearly.

No, we all lost someone.

Looking back, I guess the first time I met him was sometime back around 2001 or 2002. A good friend of mine had booked a show for some punk bands at a community center in Rose, NY , which ryan's old band Deathbag had played. We had gone to a Chinese buffet before the show and filled up a plastic grocery bag with egg rolls and other goodies, so unfortunately, other than Heavy Metal Henry's antics, and a dreadlock the width and length of my leg attached to the drummer of Insurrection's head (or was it Sangre De Los Puercos?), my most distinct memory of that show is of periodically retiring to Keith's car to snack on foods on a stick from a dirty bag.

forward 3 or 4 years to the sleepy college town my friends and I all called home. We had hosted a show in our basement at the beginning of the semester, which was promptly shut down by our landlord, who showed up screaming that we should never, ever "touch my fucking ladders!". Being the resourceful and resilient little shits we were, the show was quickly moved to the Knights of Columbus Hall, where we finished out the evening.

It was at this show, and the party back at our house afterwards, that I first officially met a strange kid in a torn GISM hoodie who Scotty would eventually dub "The Chosen One".

What an odd bird he was, never before had I been aquainted with someone quite so different. I suppose growing up in the cultural wasteland of the Mohawk Valley had something to do with it. His

penchant for the absurd and strange made quite the impact, and immediately he was a fixture at the two houses where we hatched our plans and drank too much, often spending the entire weekend sleeping on the couch at either place.

I won't go in to exactly how gross and ridiculous he was, because if you met him, you know already; though that somehow just added to his peculiar charm.

Those years following were a blur; between how fast time flies when one is caught up in the momentum of life and the endless parties and shows that took place during that period in my life it's hard to look back and pick out any one particular event that solidified my friendship with Ryan, but I suppose it was more of an organic, natural thing, as opposed to some singular occurance that defined how our friendship came to be.

Ryan moved back to Illion, his hometown, after finishing his degree, but we kept in touch and even made quite a few trips down the Thruway to pick him up for the weekend. Perpetually without a ride, it became a tradition that he would find himself stuck in Oswego on a Sunday afternoon, with work the next day, and no way to get home. When I wasn't able to borrow a car and take him (often involving massive bottle and can returns to fund the little trip), I somehow, by default, became his representative in contacting people to give him a ride home. Sure, it was annoying; but that, like his sometimes strange and disgusting (read: hilarious) behavior, was somehow all tied in with that particular charm that he had.

Eventually, we talked him in to moving back to Oswego, the reasoning being that if you're going to live in a town with no employment prospects and little else going on, it might as well be one where the majority of your good friends live. Thus, we were able to hang out, conspire, play in our over-the-top band, and generally just be idealistic bums together, as neither of us had a steady job at the time.

Every day, I would see the kid. Since we led such traditionally unproductive lives, we usually wasted away a day listening to Japanese hardcore and Pink Floyd, smoking too much pot, waiting until everyone would return from their respective classes or jobs.

Unfortunately, alcohol and other substances were a big part

of life during that winter and spring for me, and truth be told, they had been for Ryan all along.

Again, Chosen moved home after some time, though we never lost touch and he visited as often as possible. I even made the trek to sad Illion to visit him more than once. I still do, though he isn't there to talk about what books he's reading, show me confusing things on the internet and share obscure punk rock.

On the night of Saturday, August 8th, Ryan returned to his family home and went to bed. He logged in to his myspace account around 3 or 4 am, and was found by his uncle the next afternoon.

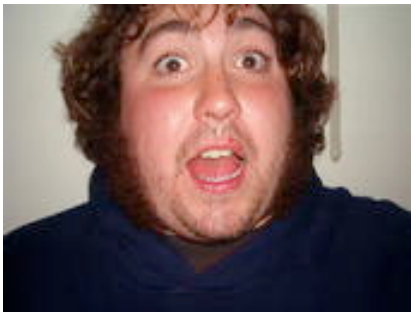
I blame myself for not being more vigilant in telling him that his drug use was out of control, I blame myself for facilitating and even sometimes participating in his constant excesses. He was the sort of person who always seemed to be in control, but it is clear now that no one is really in control when they abuse substances like that. I miss my friend, and I love him, but there is nothing anyone can do that will bring him back.

Ryan Schults, also known to many as The Chosen One, was lost to this world in early august, 2008.

He opened my eyes to many injustices in the world, and in many ways contributed to how I see things and live my life. He showed me countless good times, good conversations, and little hidden bits of wisdom, followed by a shrug and a odd noise;"dangol", "sheeenghow" or "doota bop". He was confusing, strange, unique; his heat overflowed with an endless amount of both love and hate, always directed towards those that deserved it. He showed me so much; much of which words can do no justice to, so I will leave that between he and I.

I will never forget him.

Sleep well, friend.



Submission is a term used in fighting:
I submit to the greatest foe I have ever faced..... POETRY. (make sure to growl the last word like christian bale doing his batman voice)

"Why I choose to unsubscribe"

Political poetry has become
incorporated in the political process
and therefore is corrupt.
Revolution is also
 incorporated in the political process
and is corrupt.
The president,
the poet and
the patriot
are recurring archetypes
in the melodrama of history.
Hope cannot be truly inspired
through such a simple medium
that is man.
No one
should ever trust
a man.

written after 4 and a half high life tall boys a bit of resin and 100 cigarettes. Buffalo is the fuckin' wild west. HA.
bursting with inner life juice and exponential love,
Stu

The Hobbit Hole Library

A community library coming soon to W 5th St!
Keep yer eyes peeled on the interwebz and yer ears open about town!

Wolves in the Throne Room- “A Diadem of Twelve Stars”

A longwinded, rambling story disguised as a review for a black metal album (or is it the other way around?)

A few years back, in the long cold winter of 2003-2004, I had the good fortune of being able to accompany some good friends of mine on a US tour. Many of my long rambling stories stem from this tour, or a handful of others like it, but let’s just get one thing out of the way here: this, boiled down, is intended to be a glowing review for a record that came out a couple of years ago, which I unfortunately has not been exposed to until very recently. That record, just to get some of the formalities of the review out of the way, is Wolves In The Throne Room’s four-song opus “Diadem of Twelve Stars”, on Southern Lord Records.

Now, I listen to a fair share of what one could generally call “extreme music”, but I am by no means Joe Black Metal. Hell, I wouldn’t even call myself a metal fan; couldn’t care less about most of it, to tell you the truth, but awhile back I was exposed to this criminally good album by the band Weakling called “Dead as Dreams”. It’s seriously incredible; makes me feel like riding a horse and swinging a battle axe at my foes, but not in a cheesy way I’d associate with most metal of any sub-genre; just really powerful music. What does this have to do with Wolves In The Throne Room (WITTR)? Sit back and relax, while I tie it all together for ya, eh?

Where was I? Ah, yes. A few years back, in the long cold winter of 2003-2004, I had the good fortune of being able to accompany some good friends of mine on a US tour. This particular tour was somewhere between four and five weeks, and spanned most of the continental US, though mostly concentrated on highly populated areas and avoided those pesky fly-over states (which I love!). So, basically, we hit lots of well tread cities and generally had pretty good shows. A few stinkers, but that sort of thing is bound to happen now and then.

One real plus to being on tour with a band of any sort is the potential of getting exposed to all sorts of new things: people, places, scenes, and above all: bands. After all, you’re on tour, playing or at least being at shows every night (if you’re lucky), so you’re bound to see and hear new bands that really excite and move you. Well, as it turned out, towards the end of the tour I had gotten pretty sick of the pretty standard new “old” school type hardcore bands that every single kid in the universe seems to play in. With about a week, maybe a week and a half left to go, there were approximately three bands I was interested in checking out: Backstabbers Inc., in Seattle, who, even though were without their singer, were genius and brutal; Guns n’ Rosa Parks in Denver, who I had never heard before but was excited about purely based on their name (they didn’t

play the show); and Caustic Christ in Chicago, a longtime favorite (we cancelled the show and drove home on account of bad weather).

This serious lack of inspiring music tends to get to one on tour, but can yield positive results; notably, when one doesn't care about any of the bands at the show, one isn't tied down to watching the bands at the show. Simple. In Olympia, WA, we listened to the Rancid song of the same name and I spent time before the show wandering the streets surrounding the club (which was some sort of DIY, maybe not entirely legal, endeavor). Found a rad bookstore, dumpstered some bagels, got back in time to catch all of the boring bands I was trying to avoid. Now, trapped at the merch table, my co-conspirators and myself amused ourselves by trying to sell a thick stick for somewhere around fifty dollars, claming it was Ginger Root, which costs a pretty penny. It would have been a deal, had that thick stick been actual Ginger Root. The sound guy seemed nice enough, and we amiably chatted a couple times throughout the evening. When I found a really cool old man wig in the trash and started wearing it around, he, now being my pal, decided to let me in on the secret that the wig had been thrown up on at the last show they'd had there.

"But it seems clean, and it kind of smells minty! Are you sure?"

"Peppermint Schnapps", was his reply.

Well, I didn't heed his advice, but appreciated it nonetheless. What's important here in all of this word-clutter I've puked out onto this proverbial wig (I'm talking about the page, here, folks), is that at some point during the evening this really triumphant black metal was played over the pa and I asked my new buddy the sound guy what the deal was with this band. He told me that it was a band called Weakling, from the Bay Area, who had only played one show and released this incredible album, and then faded into obscurity. Or that's what I remember, at least.

"Do you like black metal?" he asked.

"Well, I like this. This is black metal? Jeez." I felt like my dad the first time he heard me listening to The Clash as a teenager; 'Jeepers, this is punk rock? That ain't half bad!'

"Yeah, man. I'm starting a black metal band myself. It's going to be awesome, we're called *blah blah mumble mumble*."

"Cool!"

And he proceeded to tell me about his band, and I invited him to play a show at my house if they ever made it out east. Standard polite talk; it's not that I wasn't interested; I just ended up leaving without saying goodbye or exchanging contact information. When I got home, I found a copy of Weakling's "Dead as Dreams", and it was as good as I remember it being in the background of the show.

Fast forward four years and change to about a month ago, and I find myself looking into WITTR, purely based on their name being pretty

awesome. After some research (by research, I mean I looked at the pictures of them on their website), I discovered that the sound guy I had chatted with years prior was in this black metal band whose music was now blasting through the speakers in the other room. I'd say something like "weird" or "small world", but I really fucking hate it when people say something like that in response to such a happenstance and that if they'd paid more attention, would realize their lives are full of similar occurrences.

Kind of neat, though.

Diadem of 12 Stars is really, and I mean really, good. To be even more vague and inarticulate, it rocks. And I also hate it when people use that to describe something. It's just that I don't know much about this genre, don't see myself really delving into the deep black metal underworld, though I do realize that this band is somewhat of an anomaly. Self described "Eco-Feminists", WITTR, stand well aside from their contemporaries as far as their ethics go. In a scene bogged down with nationalist, racist, and boneheaded Satanist theology, these three people (two of whom I think are brothers) offer a breath of fresh air. Obviously coming from a hardcore/punk background, ideologically speaking, they assault the listener with intensely haunting, epic and powerful songs on this album. To compliment the semi-high pitched vocals, there is a guest vocalist on some of the songs, and her voice adds a really beautiful element to the melancholy dirge. Three people (minus the guest vocalist), four songs, just about an hour's worth of music; this album is sheer brilliance. I'd recommend it to any one; though it definitely isn't for every one, I just have a habit of recommending things that I like to people who could not care less. Just like I have a habit of telling longwinded, rambling, boring stories.

moving between dependence to independence to interdependence

i live in a culture of dependence.
I wake up in the morning and i depend on the water coming out of the faucet, electricity from the wall, foreign oil makes my car run, biodiesel makes my car run, ethanol makes my car run, my food comes in prepackaged bags and boxes kept cold in the refrigerator, or hot in the microwave
my clothes are made in Bangladesh, china, Pakistan, wool, polyester, cotton.
i depend on money to fuel and feed these. money from my employer, money from the credit company, money from the government, money from my parents,
im dependent on money,
letters from my friends – government agency
phonecalls from my lover – global corporation
im dependent on my friends
we take care of each other because we are alike
we buy similar things we are dependent on similar things
i depend on my friends to make me belong
i am dependant on my lover
he completes me, she tells me she loves me
senses of touch locked in the other ones hands
i need you, i need you, i depend on your perfection
i depend on the love and the hate
i am dependant on my sense of self
who am i, let me tell you. i am a collection ot photographs
a history of words. i depend on all tehse moments to make my tangible self. without all of you i am nothing. i die.

I am independent, i stand alone, i have freed myself from the need to need all of you, all of this
my life is my own. i live among you but i am not one of you
my water comes from the river where i take it with my hands
I have emancipated myself from your slavery. my food i take it with my hands. I accept your electricity, i earn your money, I fix my car, i choose who i love, when i pay taxes. i don't need or want anything

from you. i will take care of myself. i am everything i need and i have everything i need inside myself.
revolution, independence,

we are interdependent i and you.
endless chains, built on the backs of atoms, and even smaller still. we yearn for our nature to return
create systems, build destroy,, move, our systems of violence replace the natural ecosystem of our body and our earths body bird eats, shits berries. plant grows. bird dies. plant dies more birds more berries. the rot feeds the soil that feeds the worms that invigorate, aerate and fertilize the soil.
in 10000 years our carbon bodies turn to rot, turn to coal turn to fire turn to power turn to synthetic rubber, polyester, you send her the rubber make shoes, i give you a dead tree
dollar bill that was given to me for cooking the food
you give me back the money, you eat, i eat, we eat.
meanwhile the water still flows from the top of the strip mind mountain

the water is the cloud, is the river, is the glacier is the ocean. we move in it live on, it around it.
you hydrogen, you oxygen, you and your polar bear, you factory sweatshop, you telephone wire,
you salmon. you are dying because i am dying.
barak obama, you suffer because i suffer.
you will die as the earth dies.
you oswego you are alive because the canary is alive
because the hat factory is alive, because oswego shows are alive
every spring we are born again with you, lake Ontario

The Canary Cookbook Fundraiser!

Hey guys, we're puttin' together a cookbook of vegan/vegetarian recipes! We're not just looking for recipes, we're lookin' for food anecdotes, gardening tips, how-to's, know-how's, sketches, anything to do with food!

Once all of it is put together and bound and presented beautifully, we will be selling it at cost of printing with a tiny little bit added on to raise money for a printer! This printer would then be used to produce your zines and flyers and such at minimal to no cost!

We're gonna do our best to get a free copy to everyone who contributes! So, let's make this happen! You guys are awesome!

Email foody things to: thecanaryzine@gmail.com !!

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